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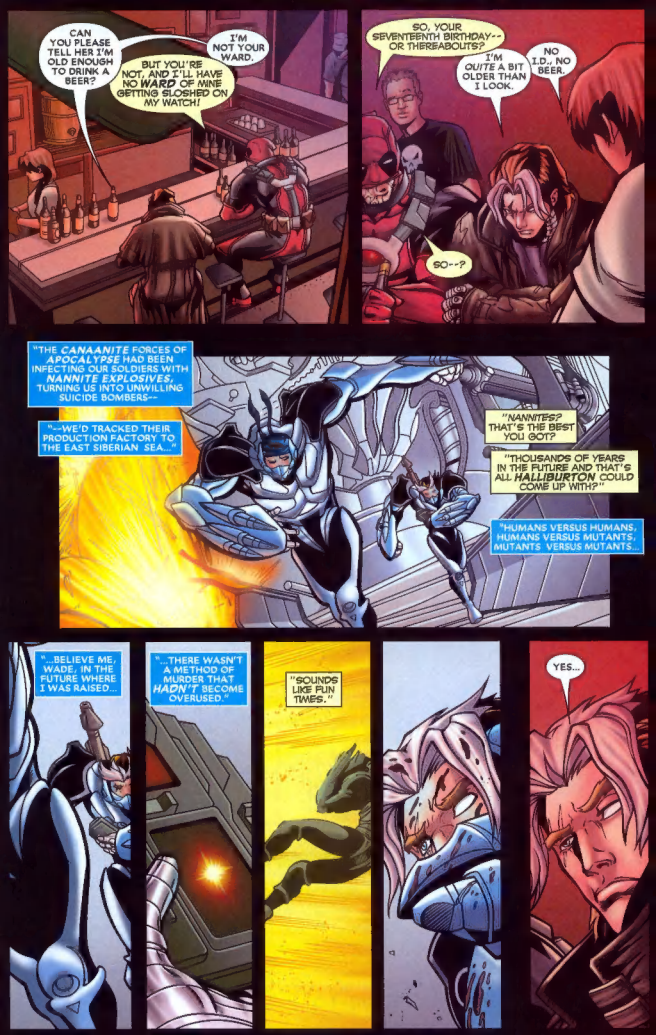
"MY *SEVENTEENTH* BIRTHDAY? I...I DON'T KNOW... I MEAN, I'M NOT SURE ABOUT MY *EXACT* BIRTHDATE."

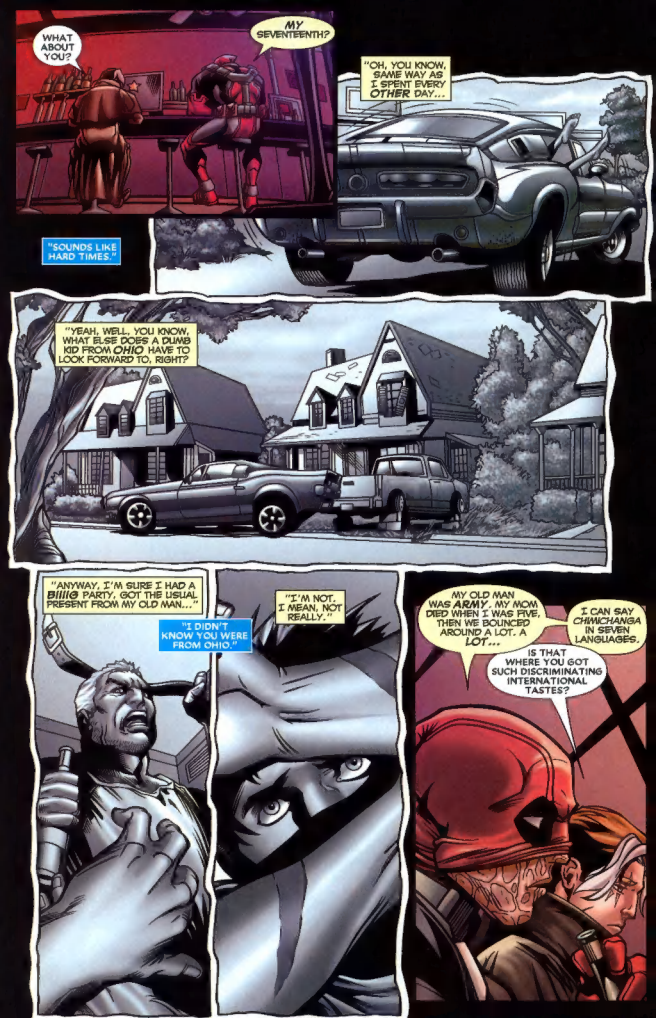
"THE WHOLE BORN-TO-A-*CLONE*-AND-PROPELLED-INTO-THE-FUTURE THING MUST BE MURDER ON CIVIL SERVICE RECORDS."

"I'M REASONABLY CERTAIN I SPENT IT THE SAME WAY I SPENT EVERY *OTHER* DAY..."

"TELEKINETICALLY UNDRESSING HOT FUTURE BABES?"
"YOU WEREN'T KIDDING."
"WHAT?"

WHEN YOU SAID YOU WERE JUST AS MUCH OF AN IDIOT *BEFORE* THE BRAIN DAMAGE.
OH, NO--TOTALLY THE TRUTH.
SOME "LAST NIGHT" YOU PLANNED HERE.
HOW WAS I TO KNOW THE TOWN WOULDN'T LIVE UP TO ITS NAME? SHOULD BE AGAINST THE LAW, YOU ASK ME.
IT'S THE THOUGHT THAT COUNTS.
INTERCOURSE BAR & GRILL


CAN YOU PLEASE TELL HER I'M OLD ENOUGH TO DRINK A BEER?
BUT YOU'RE NOT, AND I'LL HAVE NO *WARD* OF MINE GETTING SLOSHED ON MY WATCH!
I'M NOT YOUR WARD.
SO, YOUR SEVENTEENTH BIRTHDAY--OR THEREABOUTS?
I'M *QUITE* A BIT OLDER THAN I LOOK.
NO I.D., NO BEER.
SO--?
"THE *CANAANITE* FORCES OF *APOCALYPSE* HAD BEEN INFECTING OUR SOLDIERS WITH *NANNITE EXPLOSIVES*, TURNING US INTO UNWILLING SUICIDE BOMBERS--
"--WE'D TRACKED THEIR PRODUCTION FACTORY TO THE EAST SIBERIAN SEA..."
"*NANNITES*? THAT'S THE BEST YOU GOT?
"THOUSANDS OF YEARS IN THE FUTURE AND THAT'S ALL *HALLIBURTON* COULD COME UP WITH?"
"HUMANS VERSUS HUMANS, HUMANS VERSUS MUTANTS, MUTANTS VERSUS MUTANTS...
"...BELIEVE ME, WADE, IN THE FUTURE WHERE I WAS RAISED...
"...THERE WASN'T A METHOD OF MURDER THAT *HADN'T* BECOME OVERUSED."
"SOUNDS LIKE FUN TIMES."
YES...


WHAT ABOUT YOU?
MY SEVENTEENTH?
"OH, YOU KNOW, SAME WAY AS I SPENT EVERY OTHER DAY...
"SOUNDS LIKE HARD TIMES."
"YEAH, WELL, YOU KNOW, WHAT ELSE DOES A DUMB KID FROM OHIO HAVE TO LOOK FORWARD TO, RIGHT?
"ANYWAY, I'M SURE I HAD A BLUE PARTY. GOT THE USUAL PRESENT FROM MY OLD MAN..."
"I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE FROM OHIO."
"I'M NOT. I MEAN, NOT REALLY."
MY OLD MAN WAS ARMY. MY MOM DIED WHEN I WAS FIVE. THEN WE BOUNCED AROUND A LOT. A LOT...
I CAN SAY CHIMICHANGA IN SEVEN LANGUAGES.
IS THAT WHERE YOU GOT SUCH DISCRIMINATING INTERNATIONAL TASTES?

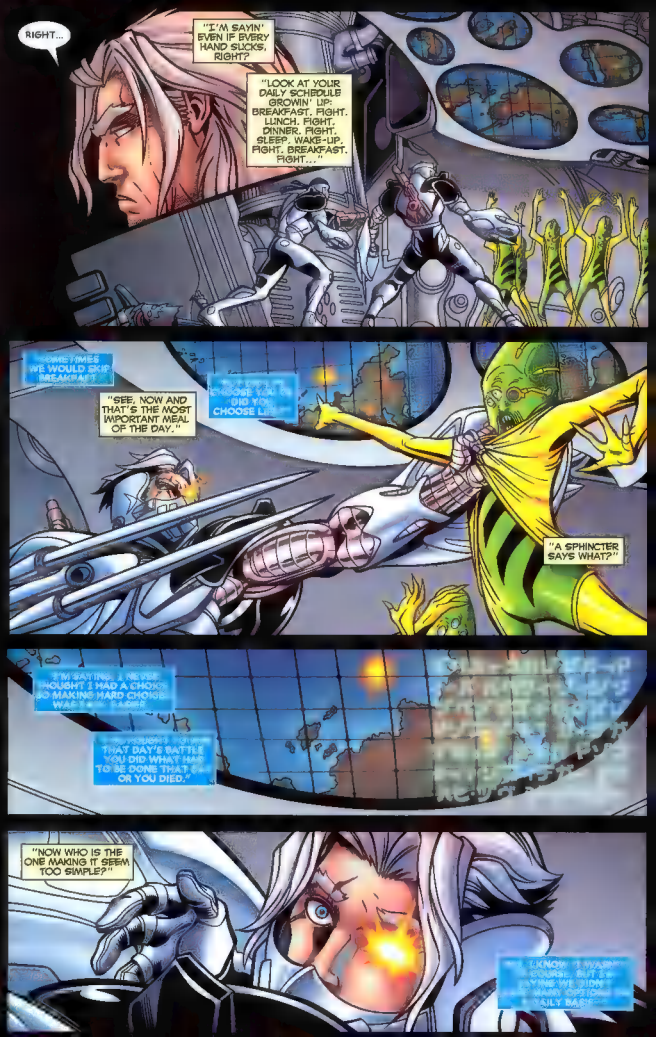
IS HE STILL ALIVE? YOUR FATHER?
WHAT? NO...NO... HE'S NOT.
"HE WENT ON ONE OF HIS BENDERS, ALWAYS DID THINGS BY THE BOOK. GO ON A BENDER. MAKE IT A CLASSIC...
"EXCEPT THIS TIME...HE GOT HIMSELF SHOT."
I'M SORRY, WADE.
ABOUT WHAT?
ALL MY LIFE I HAD KINSMEN AND CLAN--BROTHERS-IN-ARMS--BUT...IT WASN'T THE SAME...
...AND TO HAVE A FATHER--TO KNOW HIM--AND HAVE IT TURN OUT THAT WAY...
YEAH, WELL-- NOT TO TRASH YOUR WHOLE 'OPIE'S WORLD' LIFETIME MOVIE, BUT...

"...LIFE IS WHAT IT IS UNTIL IT'S NOT...
...AND USUALLY WHAT IT IS, IS CRAP."
I DON'T BELIEVE THAT.
OF COURSE YOU DON'T.
FOR AS MISERABLE A SELF-RIGHTEOUS TURD AS YOU ARE--WERE--WILL BE--WHATEVER! YOU'D HAVE TO BE ALL CRAZY OPTIMISTIC. WOULDN'T YOU?
I COULD NEVER LOSE HOPE, WADE.
EVER.
AN' I COULD NEVER AFFORD TO HAVE IT.
EVER.

YEAH, WELL ANYWAY, I LIVED ANY LIFE YOU COULD SEE IN TEN SCORSESE MOVIES, BUT YOU--
--YOU FOUGHT A WAR SINCE YOU WERE OUT OF DIAPERS--
--BUT WHAT WERE YOU FIGHTING FOR?
I COULD REALLY USE A BEER...
C'MON, YOU'RE ALL MISTER "FIGHT FOR PEACE," BUT WAS IT REALLY THAT SIMPLE?
"IT'S NEVER SIMPLE."
"SO, THEN...?"
"FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS, MUTANTS FOUGHT FOR EQUALITY, HUMANS FOR SURVIVAL OF THEIR SPECIES.
"HUNDREDS MORE AS THE LAST VESTIGES OF HUMANITY FOUGHT US FOR FREEDOM.
"HUNDREDS MORE AS MUTANTS FOUGHT EACH OTHER..."
"BUT WHAT FOR?"

"FOR EQUALITY...
"...FOR SURVIVAL...
"...FOR FREEDOM..."
"SOUNDS LIKE AN ELEPHANT WALK."
"THE SNAKE EATING ITS OWN TAIL."
BUT YOU KEPT ON FIGHTING ANYWAY?
IT'S HARD TO STOP WHEN THE OTHER SIDE IS RUN BY A MADMAN WHO MADE HITLER LOOK LIKE A CAMP COUNSELOR.
I THINK THAT WAS THE PLOT FOR MEATBALLS 2.
THAT AGING THING IS ALMOST DONE.
I CAN'T SEE A MIRROR.
YEAH, BETTER OFF THAT WAY.
OH, YOU'RE MAKING UGLY CRACKS NOW?
SO... ...AFTER YOUR FATHER DIED...?
I WAS SEVENTEEN AND A DROP-OUT. THE ARMY TOOK ME IN. SPECIAL FORCES. DRUMMED OUT FOR BEING TOO GOOD. MERC WORK. CANCER.
WEAPON X. APPARENTLY A PROBLEM WITH DIARRHEA IN ST. LOUIS. BRINGS US PRETTY MUCH TO NOW.
WELL, THAT SOUNDS SO...SIMPLE...

"YEAH, THINGS DON'T ALWAYS HAVE TO BE SO COMPLICATED."
"I MEAN, AFTER THE OLD MAN GOT WHAT HE HAD COMING, I HAD TO LIVE MY LIFE, RIGHT?"
"I MEAN, ALWAYS IN MY FACE LIKE HE WAS...NEVER GIVING ME A CHANCE..."
"...I MEAN, HE GOT WHAT WAS COMING TO HIM..."
...SO WHAT WAS I GONNA DO, CRY ALL MOPEY FOR HAVING BEEN DEALT A CRAPPY HAND?
FRIG THAT. JUST PLAY THE CARDS, RIGHT?


RIGHT...
"I'M SAYIN' EVEN IF EVERY HAND SUCKS, RIGHT?
"LOOK AT YOUR DAILY SCHEDULE GROWIN' UP: BREAKFAST. FIGHT. LUNCH. FIGHT. DINNER. FIGHT. SLEEP. WAKE-UP. FIGHT. BREAKFAST. FIGHT..."
SOMETIMES WE WOULD SKIP BREAKFAST.
"SEE, NOW AND THAT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT MEAL OF THE DAY."
"A SPHINCTER SAYS WHAT?"
THAT DAY'S BATTLE "YOU DID WHAT HAD TO BE DONE THAT DAY OR YOU DIED."
"NOW WHO IS THE ONE MAKING IT SEEM TOO SIMPLE?"

--OTHER THAN SURVIVAL OR DEATH.
SO ALL OUR CHOICES WERE USUALLY SOLELY THOSE PARAMETERS.
LIFE CHOSE ME. WHAT ABOUT YOU?
I DON'T KNOW. NEVER GAVE IT MUCH THOUGHT.
LIAR.
OKAY, FINE. WHAT IF I SAID I LIFE TO CHOOSE FOR ME?
I'D SAY THAT WAS A TREMENDOUS COP-OUT.
THE ANSWER OR THE CHOICE?
YOU TELL ME.
"IT WAS WHAT IT WAS, NATE. I MEAN, WE'RE NOT S'POSED TO BE DR. PHIL-HAGS, GETTING ALL TOUCHY-FEELY."
"THERE'S A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FLABELLATING TO DEATH..."
"...AND COMPLETELY DENYING IT."
"YOU SAYING I'M NOT TELLING YOU THE TRUTH ABOUT SOMETHING?"
"I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE YOU'RE NOT TELLING YOURSELF THE TRUTH?"
"I DON'T KNOW. I THOUGHT FLAGELLAN WAS THE GUY WHO SAILED AROUND THE WORLD..."

"SO...HOW DID YOUR FATHER DIE?"
"JUST LIKE I SAID...
"...IN A BAR FIGHT..."
...HE GOT WHAT HE HAD COMING...
SO...
...YOU FOUND OUT THOSE PESKY LITTLE NANNITES HAD BEEN PUT INTO YOUR SOLDIERS ALL OVER THE WORLD, HUH?

YES. EVERYWHERE.
HUNDREDS OF WALKING TIME BOMBS.
"INCLUDING ONE OF OUR CLAN... RIGHT THERE."
...AND ANY ONE OF THEM COULD BE TRIGGERED WITH JUST A THOUGHT.
SO, WHAT DID YOU DO?
WE HAD TO DESTROY THEIR ABILITY TO TRIGGER THE BOMBS...
...HOW...
SO I DID WHAT I KNEW HOW TO DO BEST...

LIFE CHOOSING YOU, OR YOU CHOOSING LIFE?
WELL, THIS HAS BEEN OODLES.
YOU CAN PICK UP THE TAB.
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO BEAT IT, KID.
NO MINORS UNACCOMPANIED BY AN ADULT.
BUT YOU'RE A CUTE ONE, SO WHY DON'TCHA COME BACK WHEN YOU'RE ALL--
--GROWN--
--UP --

NOW CAN I HAVE A BEER?

INTERCOURSE
BAR & GRILLE

"HE GOT WHAT HE HAD COMING."

"ALWAYS IN MY FACE HE WAS...
Intercourse Bar & Grille
...TRYING...ALWAYS TRYING...TO STOP ME...FROM SCREWING UP...

KLIK

DEAR DEADPOOL

Deadpool here. Nate asked if he could answer the letters again and I told him there was some little kid precariously perched in the open window of a burning tenement building in the Bronx. He bought it. Sucker.

So anyway, Nicole tells me that our first letter comes from a guy who also had a letter printed in Uncanny X-Men. He also shows up in the bar in this issue. Either the guy's a geek or he wants to follow in editor Ralph Macchio's footsteps. Or maybe they're one and the same thing…

Dear Deadpool (and everyone working on the *C&DP* title),

Issue 17 was great. Marvel needs more barbecues taking place. But what was up with "goatee-less" Mr. Sinister? All evil scientists (even the best evil scientist) need a goatee! Just kidding, Patrick's rendition (since my last letter I've been hitting the dictionary/thesaurus) was freaky awesome.

However, some horrible information hit me after reading the issue--scrolling through the sales lists, it seems somehow *C&DP* is slipping in the charts. At first I thought this was because of a lack of babes--but then Domino and Siryn have been in recent issues, and a very cool serpenty (is that a word?) trio are guest starring soon. So it's not lack of good looking women. Maybe lack of villains, then---nope, can't be that either (Mr. Sinister, Horsemen of Apocalypse, Lightmaster!!!). Then it hit me what was missing…a *C&DP* team up with the GLX (née GLA), The X-Babies and the remaining X-Forcers. Call it "House of XXX" and this amazing title will shoot through the roof.

Keep up the great work and Make Mine Marvel!

Gary Pickup, Salford, UK

Serpenty is indeed, not a word. Nice try, Gary. As for House of Triple X, count me in. I might even have some editorial suggestions that could really help increase its sales. Three words: Naked Dinah Soar.

Oh Grand Poobah Deadpool (Hehehehh… poo), please share your knowledge with me on the following.

When will you grace the big screen with your presence? Someone as awesome as you should have a multi-picture deal by now.

Secondly, since I'm very busy buying all those Deadpool figures off eBay as a wise retirement investment, this hardly leaves me with any time to check out those other titles that you guest star in. (You're too cool for cameos. What you do is guest star.) Would it be possible to list upcoming guest star appearances in this book of yours that you share with that other guy?

Ah, shoot, while I was busy writing this some creep just outdid me on one of your figures. If you'll excuse me, now I'm off to shove a Galactus figure where the sun don't shine on that poor fellow.

Jean Seguin, via e-mail

Okay Jean, are you a girl or just French or something? Anyways, you tried to trick me by sending a letter that should have included numbered questions, but didn't. That confuses me almost as much as your curiously genderless name.

So, #1) Yes, I hope to be gracing the big screen with my big presence in a special production of House of Triple X, probably not coming soon to a theatre near you. If you're being serious, all I know about any feature film about me is that Nicieza said it won't happen unless he gets to write the screenplay, so I wouldn't hold your breath.

As for #2, I haven't gotten any licensing contracts from Marvel regarding guest-starring appearances. They're supposed to clear this through my agent!

Hey Wade,

What's up with you getting owned all the time in issue 11? Do you like the fact you have to get saved by Mr. Kentucky all the time? Because I don't. Actually, the point of this letter is to personally thank Fabian from the bottom of my heart for bringing in Mr. Sinister on that last page. If there is ever an under-appreciated villain in the history of comics, it's Sinister. I hope the next issue(s) feature him prominently, because I think Doc Essex needs some more screen time in the Marvel U. Why has he been dormant for so long?

In fact, I think you need to team up with him, beat Cannonball up for fun, and then raise baby Cable *My Two Dads* style. "You can count on me, no matter what you do. You can count on me, no matter where you go. I'm standing by your side."

You strike me as the-80's-sitcom-theme-junkie type, Wade. I know you know it.

In all seriousness, this title is glorious. A sincere thank you to the whole entire creative team, you guys are producing gold.

Conor, Brookfield, CT

***My Two Dads*. You gotta love life.**

Dear Deadpool,

You are the coolest cancer sufferer who went to Weapon X to get them to save him and now is a mercenary who just won't shut up ever... that's a pretty small list, but it's something, right?

I'm loving the book and now own every issue, and every issue you make me laugh out loud with your crazy form of comedy.

Keep up the wacky adventures and don't stop annoying Cable.

You rock!

Liam Johnson, UK

I do rock. You are correct. I do. I don't know if there's a *People* magazine list for Coolest Cancer Survivors Ever or anything like that, but I'd have to figure I rate pretty high on it.

Nicole says, "This one came in a regular envelope, and I am taking the extra time to type it and everything." As if good old fashioned letters that need to be reset should be so alien to her. Then again, when *My Two Dads* was on the air, Nicole was probably about 4 years old. I'm feeling old right now.

Anyway, the letter's a lot of fun, but it's from a chick, which means it kinda rambles a lot, so I'll throw my comments into the letter as it goes along…

I printed this letter on company time and on the company computer. And it wasn't even my break! I broke laws just for you, DP. ♥

After reading the many letters from female readers expressing their love of you and Cable, I finally have decided to mail you a letter gushing about the great job you guys are doing. I would have written sooner but after working fifty hours a week I spend the little time I have buying Marvel books, reading Marvel books, and organizing Marvel books. I know, I know, you are going to say mean and hurtful things to me, Deadpool. But what if I say to you that I possess every book you have ever appeared in, including your first appearance in *New Mutants* and some obscure issue of *Silver Sable*? **I could say that you are deeply damaged goods with wonderful taste in comics reading material.**] I recall the many happy moments of laughing out loud at your antics and receiving weird looks from the people sitting nearby. **[News flash: that ain't 'cause you're laughing at the comics.]** Remember that classic issue of *Deadpool* #11 where you came up with over a dozen different insults for Norman and Harry Osbourne's hair? Classic. Sheer genius. **[It totally was, I agree, but Nicieza is mumbling something about how he didn't write that one and telling me to move on.]** However, I must also admit that I love that I almost knew every issue of the appearance of Nathan Christopher Charles Askani'Son Daysprina The Chosen One Cable Soldier X Summers (did I get them all?). **[You forgot Priscilla.]** However, I almost forgot my point, which is that putting the two of you together in one book makes for great reading. **[Wow. A woman who forgot her point in the middle of her conversation. What a rare flower you must be, indeed.]** Plus, if the two of you were in separate books I would have to you an extra $2.99 every month. **[Sshh. Don't say anything. Marvel hasn't figured that out yet.]** Am I the only one who remembers when Marvel books were only $1.25? Ah, the good old days. **[Nicieza remembers being traumatized when comics went from 12 cents to 15 cents. And Macchio said something about "When comics were painted on parchment paper by monks…" I don't know.]**

Sincerely,
Elizabeth Kovesy, Shelton, CT

P.S. Please find it in our heart to print my letter. My first letter to Marvel was printed in the pages of your first series.

It's always easy for gal-pal readers to get me to print their letters. All it takes is a discreet naked picture or two and you're golden.

P.P.S. I even own your Bowen Deadpool mini bust. I don't have Cable's but I have yours. Although I do own four different statues of Gambit.

Frickin' Cajun French weenie. I'd like to bust him…

Anyway, I guess I've been as appalling as I possibly could be within the confines of our rating. My work here is done!

NEXT ISSUE:

Hilarity and hijinks ensue as Power Man and Iron Fist beat my butt all over my own comic book. All I know is Nate better show up by page ten to help me out or he's fired. Also, the B.A.D. Girls continue to tease in their serpenty way (whaddyou know, Gary, it works!). And we learn more about the mysterious Dominus Objective (as if any of you really care, you just want any lame excuse of a story for the sake of bad jokes and D-cup serpentiness).

NICOLE WILEY
EDITOR

BARBER & MACCHIO
CONSULTING EDITOR

JOE QUESADA
CHIEF

DEBORAH WEINSTEIN
PRODUCTION

E-MAIL:MHEROES@MARVEL.COM MARK E-MAIL "OKAY TO PRINT"